

AN
E S S A Y
ON
PATRIOTISM,
IN THE
STYLE AND MANNER
OF
Mr. POPE's ESSAY ON MAN.
IN FOUR EPISTLES.

Inscribed to the Rt. Hon. the E--- of C-----.

By a MEMBER of a Respectable SOCIETY.

" Friends, Britons, Countrymen, lend me your Ears,
" I come to BURY C*****, not to PRAISE him.

L O N D O N:

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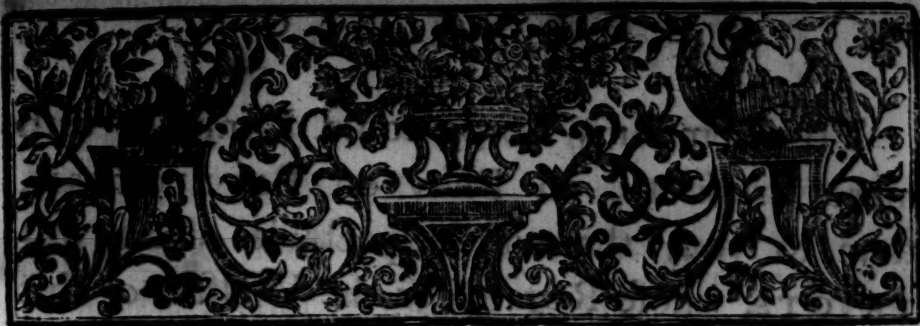
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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM,

EARL OF C-----.

MY LORD,

YOUR Virtues, your exalted Station, and
the Love which your Country bears you,
of whose Liberties you are the Great
Defender, are the chief Reasons why I offer the
following Piece to your Protection.

To

To whom, my Lord, could I inscribe with more Propriety, an Essay on PATRIOTISM, than to you, the most respectable of all PATRIOTS, whose Regard for the Welfare of this Nation has been so conspicuous through every Period of your Life.

To your Lordship we owe that Union and general Harmony which has so long subsisted in this Nation; a Harmony which has only been disturbed by a few factious and inconsiderable Tories and Jacobites, Men whom your Lordship has long learned to despise.

SOME of *these* indeed there are (for there can be no others) who presume to blame many of the great Actions of your Lordship; these Men formerly murmured about German Wars and continental Connections; they urged that they had once heard you declaim against them; and when they saw you afterwards acquiesce, they were highly displeased; ignorant of your *good*
Designs

Designs and the justness of your Motives; — it was in vain to tell them, that a Change of Systems at *home* required a Change of Measures *abroad*, that America might be preserved in Germany, and to urge that more cogent Argument, that had you not comply'd, the Consequence would have been your *Dismission*, and that at a Time when Britain most wanted an able M——r.

YET, my Lord, when these very Men saw you retreat on a similar Occasion from Power, they were the first to raise the Cry against you, notwithstanding the Alteration of Circumstances, and the WEIGHTY Reasons that were *urged home* for such a Measure.

EVER malicious, they pursued you from the Court to your Retirement, and had even the boldness to assert, that you resigned your Share in the A——n, from a Consciousness of your own Incapacity, and with a View to em-

B

broil

broil the Nation, while you sat at Ease in your Closet, receiving the Compliments of Condolance on that State to which yourself had reduced your unhappy Country.

BUT, when you, great Sir, to silence these Detractors, to strike the venomous Tongue of Slander dumb, once more vouchsafed to become one of a M-----y of your own chusing (a circumstance of itself sufficient to prove it a good one) what said they, but “ That you had now shewn yourself in your true Light, and were professedly become the Tool of m-----l Power and Sc---h Connections. Can any thing be more false than this ? Have we not your sacred Word of the contrary, and has not your UNIFORM and STEADY Conduct already proved that you are incapable of Changing.

No, my Lord, your Friends (the Friends of Truth) are sufficiently convinced, notwithstanding any thing that has been urged in Contradiction;

tion; “that every successful Measure, whether
“during your Ad---n or that of any other Per-
“son, was wholly and solely the Work of your
“Hands; that all our Victories during the last
“War, were as entirely and effectually of your
“procuring, as if you had been present in the
“Cabinet and the Field, and at once directed
“our Counsels and headed our Fleets and Ar-
“mies; while, on the other Hand, all our Losses
“and enormous Expences were entirely owing
“to your open and avowed Enemies: Full well
“they know, that all those Cessions, found fault
“with in the late Treaty, were effected by B---
“and the Tory Faction, and every Thing yet
“remaining to England, entirely preserved by
“you.”

THIS, my Lord, is the firm Creed of every
true Englishman, and your Lordship will not
doubt but it is mine, when I inform you that I
glory in that Name.

THUS,

THUS, whether in Peace or War, in Power or out of Power, whether known by the Name of the Great Commoner, or that more dignified one of E. of C-----, “with which our gracious Sovereign, out of his tender Regard,” has been pleased to honour you, still, my Lord, are you dear to Britain, still the Bulwark of your Country.

THAT you may ever remain so, happy in an illustrious and *ennobled* Progeny, the Inheritors of your Virtues, and equally blessed with, and deserving of their Country’s Love, as you have approved yourself, is the sincere Wish of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship’s

Most obedient,

And devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Root out the weeds, that virtue's foil disgrace,
 And pull the mask from Fraud and Treach'ry's face;
 Still keep the love of Britain in our view,
 That love, O CH-TH-M! so rever'd in you;

10

" Blame where we must, be candid where we can,
 " But still confess a Patriot is a man.

" Of Peers above, of Patriots below,
 " What can we *reason*, but from what we *know*?
 " Of various ills, in various regions known,
 " Where can we trace more flagrant than our own?

15

Here nurs'd in freedom's lap, the child of Ease,
 Once Plenty flourish'd in the arms of peace,
 Reign'd o'er our meads, our wavy harvest crown'd,
 And Mirth smil'd graceful on the landscape round;
 With look benign, and kindly-swelling breast,
 The lusty villager the nymph caress'd;
 Alas! how chang'd!--now on our hapless shore,
 The rural pleasures, know their place no more:
 Wide o'er the barren heath, pale Famine stalks,

20

25

" Dreadfully meagre, in her loathsome walks.
 Lo, at her dire approach, where e'er she treads,
 The prospect saddens, and the landscape fades,

While

While those for fame abroad who us'd to roam,
Now die by want and beggary at home. 30

Lo the poor peasant, whose industrious hand,
Once toil'd with pleasure in a plenteous land ;
Secure to reap the harvest of his year,
In wholesome viands, and in mirthful cheer,
Now wan with pining care, and struck with dread, 35
Shrinks from his task, and droops his sickly head ;
Fast by, the partner of his homely state,
With speaking eye, deplores their wretched fate ;
His tender infants round, in plaintive strain,
Call on their sire for food, but call in vain. 40

BORN to aspire, see where the rich and great,
Who ought to prove the pillars of the state,
Aloft, like some portentous omen stand,
And threaten ruin with relentless hand ;
With stedfast eye they see our fr--d-m sold, 45
Our ripen'd harvests ill exchang'd for gold ;

Still

VER. 31. *Lo the poor peasant.*—] Melancholy have been the instances of want and misery, occasioned by the factitious Famine that has prevailed for some time in these kingdoms. Whole families have felt the growing evil, and the industrious Poor have been starving, while Engrossers and Foretallers preyed, as it were, on the vitals of this nation. Miserable Land ! unhappy People ! in vain has Heaven blessed you with a real Plenty, while you make to yourselves an artificial Scarcity. When will you awake from your lethargy ? If thus you suffer under those you have so often declared to be the *best* of M-----s, what must you do under the *worst*.

Still upwards soaring, on the heaps they tread,
Of ghastly ruins which themselves have made:
So on some vessel's topmast, rear'd on high,
The seaman climbs, while lours the wintry sky, 50
There sits a while sublime, till tempests sweep
Himself, his hopes, and vessel, to the deep.

" In pride, rank pride, our follies still we prove;
" All quit their spheres, and rush to those above;
Else why should he who sits secure from strife, 55
With for the toils of ministerial life?
Or why, when call'd th' unsteady helm to steer,
To Folly bow, and sink into a Peer?

" A Patriot was of old a glorious name,
" Distinguish'd justly in the lists of Fame; 60
His only care, his virtue to approve,
His only meed, his darling country's love;
Such CODRUS was, 'ere mix'd with kindred dust,
Such ARISTIDES, rightly nam'd the just;
Such great CAMILLUS the Dictator's fame, 65
And BRUTUS, Rome's imperial boast and shame;

Such

Ver. 55 *Else why should he—*] Our Author should seem, by this passage, to be quite unacquainted with the *new method* of proceeding in state-affairs, viz. to act behind a SKREEN, and thereby to share all the honour and profits of M-----y, without any of the odium.

Such British ALFRED, in whose mighty mind
The King, the Patriot, and the Hero join'd.

“ Oh! how unlike the man of later days,
Whom int'rest leads or mad ambition sways; 70
Dupes to self-love, attempting still to rise

“ By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies.

For them how oft has hapless Albion mourn'd
Her heroes slaughter'd, and her schemes o'ertunr'd; 75
Her treasures squander'd on a distant coast,
Her honour blasted, and her credit lost;

While our brave chieftains bad our thunders roll
From either India to the distant pole.

Fraught with the statesman's guile, the placeman's pride,
And every ill to selfish minds ally'd, 80

See CURTIUS rule Britannia with a nod,

“ Her chief, her Patriot, and almost her God,

“ See him advance, by slow degrees of art,
Concealing still the baseness of his heart.

Then, when involv'd in war's and faction's rage, 85
See him desert, and basely quit the stage.

Yet fill'd with envy, if another wear,
Those very honours he refus'd to share;

D

With

With noisy brawls he shook the peaceful state,
 Declaim'd in councils, won the name of GREAT;
 Till call'd again his country's cause to own,
 When ev'ry eye was fix'd on him alone,
 Again the baseness of his soul to prove,
 He for a bauble sold his country's love.

Is this a PATRIOT, this the heart, the hand,
 So fought, so courted by our suff'ring land?
 While baneful discord steers the changing helm,
 Divided councils speak a drooping realm,
 At home while begg'ry, and abroad disgrace,
 And meagre Famine stares us in the face,
 While threat'ning ills, like clouds, our days deform,
 And France points, smiling, to th' impending storm;
 Lo, where he sits! his eye still fix'd on B---,
 Serene as Sloth, and as a statue mute!

O Britain! queen of isles, whom heav'n decrees
 The rule and empire of the subject seas,
 Great nurse of arts and arms---how hard thy fate!
 Thou bounteous mother of a churlish state!
 When will thy sonstheir real int'rest see,
 And to each other firm, be true to thee;

110
 Then

When will they know, that rightly understood,

The *private* centres in the *public* good.

As He from chaos rude who rais'd this ball,

Bade *order* be the great cement of all ;

So in each well-connected state we see,

115

Order alone can limit each degree :

“ The public is the body of the whole,

“ The Laws the living spirit and the soul,

“ That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,

“ Cements the basis of the gen'ral frame,

120

“ Lives in each nerve, along the wide extent,

“ Unchang'd in *council*, as in *act* unspent,

“ With peace and union fills each sep'rate part,

“ As full, as perfect, in the *head* as *heart* ;

“ As full, as perfect, in the *poor* that mourns,

125

“ As the rapt *hero* that for glory burns.

“ Not for the Small too great, the Great too small,

“ But guides, preserves, unites, and equals all.

On plans like this have glorious empires stood,

Where all things center'd in the public good,

130

Where such prevail, in erring Faction's spite,

“ This Truth is clear, their *measures* must be right.”

END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

EPISTLE-II.

KNOW then, however wisely you may scan,
 The best of PATRIOTS is frail mortal man,
 Pleas'd to support an idle pageant state,
 A king of smiles, and popularly great;
 With too *much* honesty a C—T to guide,
 And yet too *little* for his country's side;
 He hangs in doubt to grasp at Gain or Glory,
 In doubt to call himself a WHIG or TORY.

Such P--LT--Y was, (that foe to venal pelf,)
Great in the senate, *little* in himself;
 When WH-GG-SH W-L-P-LE dar'd to strain our laws,
 Strait he stept forth to fight his country's cause;
 Long time on popular applause he stood,
 And thunder'd loudly for the Public Good;
 In ev'ry ear, cry'd Liberty! aloud,
 And rose the wonder of the gaping crowd:
 When lo, Ambition's charms his fancy woo,
 Place, Peerage, Pension, rise upon his view;

“ Thicker

“ Thicker than arguments temptations throng,
 And for his yielding virtue prove too strong: 20
 To these at last he sacrific'd his name,
 And purchas'd honours at the price of fame.

Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes,
 And 'tis the Patriot's pleasure still to RISE:
 Though not all tastes all views can charm alike; 25
 Some sigh for *riches*, others *titles* strike;
 Yet still some fav'rite wish, each bosom fires,
 Source of C——t qualms, and flutt'ring, fond desires.

“ As man perhaps, when first he draws his breath,
 “ Receives the lurking principle of death; 30
 “ So the disease that must subdue at length,
 Still in the Patriot's breast acquires fresh strength;
 Ambition, av'rice, love of pelf or crown,
 Be what it will, it pulls his virtue down:
 Whilst we, tho' subjects to a lawful sway, 35
 Yet still are doom'd, some Fav'rite to obey.
 Now B—— displac'd, a * * * * fills his room,
 And hirelings ply the M——l loom.

Loyalty blushing, hides abash'd her face,
 And * * * * and honesty are out of place, 40

What do these men, who preach of virtue's rules,
 But tell applauding crowds, that they are tools?
 Oh! for one beam of that cœlestial fire,
 Which Greeks and Romans did of old inspire.

But virtue, such as theirs, is doom'd to burn 45

“ Like fun’ral lamps, and light th’ unfruitful urn.

“ What would these Patriots? now aloft they soar,

“ And, little less than Nobles, would be more;

Their wish arriv’d, strait they look back with pain,

And sigh for popular applause again. 50

“ The bliss of all, could all that blessing see,

“ Is but for each to act in his degree;

“ No Place to grasp at, and no Pow’r to share,

“ But what he can discharge, and ought to bear:

What if ***** ordain’d in dust to roll, 55

Aspir’d, like ***** , the C. --- to controul,

How monstrous, how absurd it would appear?

Yet each is useful in his diff’rent sphere:

The love of country to one End will bring:

“ Prince, Peer, or Patriot, Servant, Lord, or King. 60

Inferior subjects, when of late they saw

“ Great CURTIUS twisting, and untwisting law,

Admir’d

Admir'd such wisdom in so strange a shape,
 And shew'd their Fav'rite--- as we shew an ape;
 Hung on his chariot-wheels, (an idle string) 65
 And hail'd the Patriot while they hiss'd their K--g.

Where are they now, to grace the gilded car,
 Or deck great CURTIUS with the spoils of war?
 Who now shall mingle with th' applauding throng,
 Or make him hero of the midnight song? 70
 'Tis past, 'tis gone, and in their languid veins
 Indiff'rence, child of cooler Reason reigns:
 By how much CURTIUS gain'd the people's love,
 By so much now their hatred shall he prove;
 No eye shall seek him, and no voice require; 75
 No heart shall bless him, and no ear desire;
 Forsook, detested, now I see him fall,
 Unpity'd, unbelov'd, the scorn of all;
 His boasted glories in the dust shall lie,
 And with himself his memory shall die;

Or,

VER. 67. *And hail'd the Patriot*—] Of this we had an instance, when at a certain feast in the city, the late great C-----r was received with an applause next to adoration; nay, so troublesome were the populace in their expressions of joy, that it was with difficulty they were prevented from taking the horses, and even the wheels off his carriage: at the same time M-----y itself was publicly hiss'd. But---*tempora mutantur*; it is highly probable we shall see no more such sights.

Or but remember'd more to blast his fame, 81

“ And stamp him perfect in the books of shame.

O doubly curs'd be they, whose villain hearts

First raise their country's hopes by treach'rous arts.

Then blast them all, and quit at once the stage, 85

When dangers threaten, and when factions rage,

Yet not alone is Heav'n's all gracious pow'r

Seen in the transient blessings of an hour ;

But oft' demonstrates, spite of all their arts,

How ill the Wisest judge of human hearts, 90

And points the trackless path through error's maze

To truth's fair TEMPLE, and to happier days.

Blind to this truth, while murmuring crowds complain,

And wish for honest m---rs in vain,

Oh let me still, in giddy tumult's spite, 95

Boldly assert, “ whatever is, is right.”

'Twas right that W---s should have the r---l ear,

And right that W-LP-LE should be made a peer ;

'Twas right that P-LT--Y should accept a *name*,

And no less right that CURTIUS did the same ;

For

For thus the wise decrees of heav'n are seen
 " To trace the serpent lurking in the green,
 And ever wise and gracious in their ends,
 At last shall guide us to our real friends.

Then future Times, shall see a T----- rise, 65
 Great, good, and gen'rous, loyal, just and wise;
 He shall indeed compassionate our fate,
 And lend his aid, to raise the drooping state;
 His virtues shall adorn the unborn times,
 And make amends for half his Br-th-r's crimes; 70
 Thus the perpetual hope of better days,
 Gilds all our prospects, with factious rays;
 One Patriot lost, another shall supply,
 And future heroes for their country die;
 " Whilst still to each this comfort will arise, 75
 The truly *Good* alone are truly *Wise*.

VER. 102. *To trace the Serpent lurking in the green---*] Alluding perhaps to a speech frequently made use of by CURTIUS, concerning a former M-----, whom he used to call a *Snake in the grass*, an appellation, which might, not without justice, be applied to himself.

END OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

EPISTLE III.

LEARN, Britons, learn, the best of human laws.
 May be perverted in a vicious cause,
 And those who cry for Liberty aloud,
 And court th' applauses of the wond'ring crowd,
 Oft' make the People tools to rise to pow'r,
 And leave them basely in the dang'rous hour.
 See for our use they cry, a CURTIUS rise,
 See *them* for mine, the wily Peer replies,
 " As far as crowds judge, they reason'd right,
 " But, as to him, mistook the matter quite;
 " So wide of reason they must always fall,
 " Who think the Patriot born the slave of all.
 " Self-love still drives thro' just and thro' unjust,
 And few deserve a free unbounded trust.
 O CURTIUS, thou, the pride of former days,
 When ev'ry tongue grew wanton in thy praise;

For

For thee the willing Muse still tun'd her song,
And babes were shew'd where CURTIUS pass'd along;
And couldst thou then so base, ungrateful prove,
Desert thy country, forfeit all her love? 20
Could'st thou---but in portraits like thine we find
" The vile ingratitude of base mankind.

" Hast thou forgot, when honour'd, fam'd, and great,
Thou sat'st aloft, in more than regal state,
When thy least word could gold from misers draw, 25
Thy nod a fiat, and thy sanction, law.
Hast thou forgot when eager senates hung
On thy award---and dwelt upon thy tongue;
For thee in foreign fields how Britons bled,
And mighty chiefs were number'd with the dead? 30
Lo! ancient worth, debas'd from its degree,
And, shame to Britain! sacrific'd to thee;
For thee devoted, in one moody hour,
Dupes to thy pride, or victims of thy pow'r.

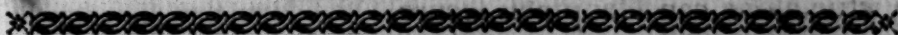
" Who first taught hapless Britain, near undone, 35
" To vest at last such pow'r supreme in ONE;
Her timid sons, when struck with pale afright,
They view'd her chiefs retiring from the fight,

They,

They, fearing, trembling, for the sinking state,
 One PATRIOT saw, and bade that one begreat, 40
 Then prostrate, incense on his altar laid,
 And bow'd before the god their hands had made.
 O P-NS-NT, PATRIOT, P---, whate'er thy name,
 Howe'er distinguish'd in the lists of Fame,
 To thee, secure of censure, I indite, 45
 And boldly point the British Patriot's right;
 No venal slave to pow'r's unjust commands,
 No bribe, no lucre, stain thy honest hands;
 Still great and good, go on to aid our cause,
 To raise our glory, to defend our laws, 50
 While crowds applaud thee with deserv'd huzzas,
 And monarchs envy P-NS--T's just earn'd praise.
 This, this is bliss, well worth the care to gain,
 A taste of pleasure, unallay'd by pain;
 And more true joy a * * * * * in exile feels, 55
 Than CURTIUS with a senate at his heels.
 To fight for Coronets are we so silly,
 Mark how they grace the temples of Lord BILLY;
 Is yellow dirt the passion of our life?
 Look but on CURTIUS, or on CURTIUS' wife, 60
 " If parts allure us, think how once he shin'd,
 Tho' basest, most belov'd of all mankind;

" But,

" But, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 " Now see him damn'd to everlasting fame.
 " For Chiefs or M—rs, let fools contest, 65
 " Make choice of him, whose measures are the best.
 " For * * * or * * * let graceless bigots fight,
 " Chuse we but him, whose government is right.
 " Thus *Order*, Ch-----, links the gen'ral frame,
 And bids your weal, and Britain's be the same.



E P I S T L E IV.

O H! Interest, the Patriot's end and aim,
 Self-Love, Desire of Ease, whate'er thy name!
 Where shall we find a breast divested, free,
 Of private views, directed still to thee?
 Yet all the praise our Patriots e'er can find,
 Springs from the love of Britain and their kind; 5
 Where all things else, as to their centre tend,
 Hence they at first arose, and here must end.
 But Self still ruling, in each narrow heart,
 Makes each forget the whole, to serve a part; 10
 " Can honour, C-----, from condition rise?
 " Act well your part, there all the honour lies,

And this had done a real patriot grace,
Without a pension, coronet, or place.

“ Bedaub’d with titles, and hung round with strings, 15

“ As CURTIUS is, by Kings, and tools of Kings ;

What are the mighty profits which he gains,

Say, will they pay him for his cares and pains ?

What are the pageants which his hours employ,

What, but the shades of insubstantial joy ? 20

Virtue alone can Happiness secure,

And make it real, permanent, and sure.

“ Come then, my Patriot, P-NS-NT, come along,

Thou great inspirer of the heart-felt song ;

And while the Muse reluctantly descends 25

To trace the Pseudo-Patriot in his ends,

“ Teach me, like thee, by long experience wise,

“ When most I *fall*, then most to seem to *rise*.

To thee while I present, devoid of art,

The real picture of a Statesman’s heart, 30

Oh ! if the portrait should offend thy sight,

And modern CURTIUS equal not the knight

So

VER. 23. *Come then, my Patriot—*] In this Passage, the Poet has closely imitated Mr. POPE, in his concluding address to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

So brave, so gen'rous, and so manly bold,
 Who sacrific'd his life in days of old :
 And if such Blots appear, as cast disgrace
 On his high office, and respected place,
 Suppose the piece a picture of the Times ;
 Unfaithful, base, and full of monstrous crimes,
 Remembring that the day we so much rue
 For CURTIUS' birth produc'd a C----- too. 40.

“ O, gliding with the current, while thy name,
 “ Expanding flies, and courts the breath of Fame,
 Still shall I sing how CURTIUS did pretend
 To be our Guide, our Counsellor, and Friend ;
 How, caught by geugaws, in a luckless hour,
 To grasp a Shade, he lost Substantial Pow'r ;
 “ By him instructed how we trac'd the art,
 “ And vile disguises of a treach'rous heart,
 “ To Party's Mirrour held up Reason's Light,
 “ And shew'd our erring country, what was *right* ; 50
 “ How *Envy*, *Int'rest*, answer'd one great aim,
 “ How *Pride* and *Thirst of Riches* were the same ;

O'er

VER. 46. *To grasp a shade---*] Never was the old fable more justly applied than to the Patriot in question, who so widely overshoot himself, in accepting a title already in his family, and which must have graced his posterity. “ But Heaven (says a certain Author) that had long beheld his Hypocrisy with Indignation, would no longer suffer him to lead to Ruin a deluded People.”

O'er subject Princes while his sceptre sway'd,
 How K——gs were bubbled, and their trust betray'd;
 In bloody wars, their subjects left alone,
 Condemn'd to fall in battles not their own? 55

More shall I shew, how troubles ne'er shall cease,
 Till he who rules in WAR, can rule in PEACE;
 Till factious discord hides her head below,
 And ALBION learns her real Friends to know? 60

VER. 54. *How Kings were bubbled—*] Referring to some secret affairs, which a certain Patriot is said to have disclosed, though they passed in C-----.

VER. 56. *Condemn'd to fall—*] Referring to the G-----n measures, once so strenuously opposed by the very Man who afterwards adopted them, and hung about the neck of Britain that very millstone, which he had repeatedly foretold would one day sink her.

VER. 57. *Till he who rules in war—*] It is said Mr. **** declared he could not rule this land in PEACE Happy Britain, blessed M-----y, who, to keep their seats, must involve her in perpetual wars! But the enchantment is broken at last, and the People, long hoodwinked, begin now to see for themselves.

F I N I S.